ROBERTA COLDREN DYER
1411 Gregory Avenue
Wilmette, Illinois

AFTER DEATH WHAT? THIS PAPER TELLS YOU

SPIRITUALISM'S PICTORIAL JOURNAL

TRUTH

The PSYCHIC OBSERVER

TRUTH FOR AUTHORITY NOT AUTHORITY FOR TRUTH

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'DEAD' SOLDIER PROVES IDENTITY

HIS BUDDY VERIFIES MESSAGE

A TRUE STORY ABOUT SURVIVAL

By Special Correspondent

Pfc. Marvin O. Elkins was killed November 15, 1944, in the invasion of France. When his sister, *Erma L. Harris*, 321 E. Oliver, *Corunna, Michigan*, received the official notice of his death, she little realized that it was the beginning of her greatest proof of life in another world.

For weeks, Mrs. Harris had wondered as to the exact manner of her brother's passing, but several letters to his chaplain brought no answer whatsoever. Then on the evening of April 17, 1945, she attended a trumpet seance conducted by *Mable Riffle* and *Edith Stilwell* who were serving the *Spiritualist Episcopal Church* of that city.

Mediums Test Message

After waiting patiently while others talked to their loved ones, Mrs. Harris was thrilled to hear the voice of her brother call a familiar "*Hello Erma!*"

"*Marvin*," she asked, "*how were you wounded?*"

"*I was on duty*," he said, "*when suddenly there was an explosion of some kind real close to me. Shrapnel went into my left leg, abdomen and shoulder.*"

Mrs. Harris was perfectly satisfied with this explanation, and thought no more about it until three weeks later, to the very day, when she received a letter from a man named *Ralph Miles*.

HE RELAYS CIRCUMSTANCES OF HIS OWN PASSING

Psychic Observer

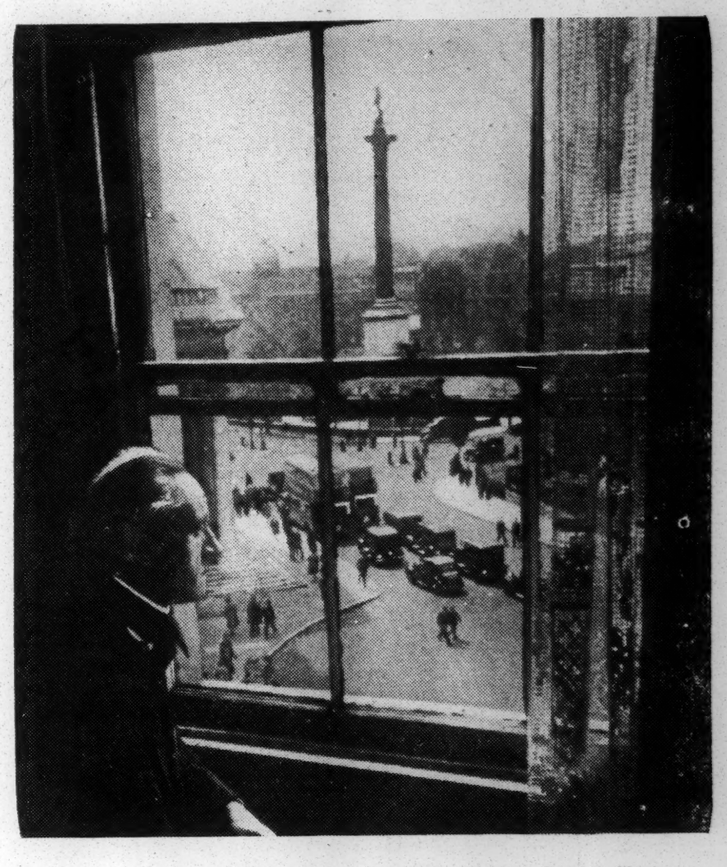
PFC. MARVIN O. ELKINS

Mr. Miles proved to be a soldier buddy of her brother's, and was recuperating at *Sheck General Hospital*, Clinton, Iowa.

"*Marvin was on duty*," the letter read, "*when he was struck in the left leg, abdomen and shoulder by shrapnel. I gave him first aid as quickly as I could, but he died three days later.*"

Mrs. Harris knows that her brother didn't actually die.

Spiritualism's Greatest Living Propagandist Views Trafalgar Square from His London Flat



Psychic Observer

For over thirty years, HANNEN SWAFFER has been one of the world's leading propagandists for the cause of Spiritualism. The picture above, taken by a London newspaper, shows Swaffer seated at his front window overlooking Trafalgar Square.

It was in this room No. 4 St. Martins Place, that the editors of Psychic Observer, Juliette Ewing Pressing and R. G. Pressing, attended a seance in 1937 conducted by the internationally-known direct voice medium, FRANK DECKER. Others present, Mr. and Mrs. Swaffer and T. John Kelly. Unusual phenomena took place while Mr. Swaffer exacted strict test conditions (i. e.) he sat on the medium's lap and held his hands. The phenomena: Voices from the four corners of the room; Mrs. Swaffer treated by the materialized hands of WHITE EAGLE, Decker's healing guide; Levitation of the trumpet which was distinctly seen hovering above the window shown in the picture above . . . "Distinctly seen" because the curtains which blacked out the window were parted sufficiently to allow a shaft of light, thus making the trumpet visible.

Do you know how to reply to skeptics? In the next issue of Psychic Observer, Mr. Swaffer answers "Questions They All Ask." Do not miss this issue!

THE VALLEY OF

The Sacred Little Children

By

VIRGINIA PEARSON

23430 Ventura Blvd., Woodland Hills, California

Into the bowl of the human soul
Nature's Glories fall forever one by one.
Life's Jewels in abundance roll
Down the lighted avenues of Time which many shun
Because they love the Shadows better than the Sun.

Excerpt from the author's book, "Jewels of Wisdom."

HEAVENLY VOICES OF CHILDHOOD

Nature is the *Creator's* physical storehouse of *Treasures*. The real wealth of the *Ages* is in the ground, the bodies of water, in the air about us and within our own souls. Trees stand protectingly near, firmly rooted in the earth, sentinels whose strength of being connects us with the eternal Paradise we have long since exchanged for a heartful of thought baubles.

Nature stands so very close to us laden with gifts of vegetation and mineral substance for our physical needs. Sweet scented budding things beckon to us with supernal love. Every little flower speaks to us from its tiny pulpit. Every blade of grass whispers its message of *Beauty*. Each grain of sand is brimful of mystery. Giant rocks rear their stony faces to the sun. Infinitesimal hillsides lift their breasts in silent adoration; and peopled with tiny creatures of the out-of-doors, give forth audible praise.

A Definite Purpose

Dawn and *Eventide* spread their cloaks of purple and pasted mists and warm the ant hill mysteries with flaming red-hued gold. Every guardian of the world of nature lifts its head to read the wisdom of the skies, or droops low to the earth in cool soothing reverence. In the midst of this *Nature World* angels stand refreshed, and ready to begin their work among wingless, sad, earth bound people.

Into such a scene my soul came one evening accompanied by several of my spirit friends. The *Astral* and *Earth Planes* of nature embrace each other in this wondrous natural enterprise of Healing. There was a definite purpose in our being there. We were journeying to the *Valley* of the *Sacred Children*.

Nature in her pristine beauty was the ideal setting for the work to which these teachers had dedicated their lives. After a period of time we came to a rustic edifice overgrown with moss and star flowers climbing to the roof. Festoons of vines and strange foliage lay like a blanket upon the roof and trailed down gracefully toward the earth.

The Care of Children

A cream-colored, unusual fence surrounded the grounds. Indescribable *Peace* prevailed. It settled upon our souls like a gossamer garment, exuding a fragrant essence. Children's beautiful voices filled the air. Organ music carried their message of praise to us outside the place of worship.

My *Spirit Helpers* explained that the immense Valley was given over to the care of the *Children*. Little ones who were traveling in *Astral Consciousness* during their sleep hours, and the tiny babies who had passed out of earth life, were gradually nurtured and brought to maturity by the wonderful Instructors.

A True Paradise

Some were destined to become great persons upon the earth, others to be taught *Godly* precepts which would take the form of Inspirational *Nature-Spirits*, dedicated to uplifting humanity and transferring to the earth souls, superior dreams of *Perfect Harmony*.

They are the unborn children who live in the *True Paradise* of *Divine Reality*. Every conception brings forth reality. Life is preserved. Reproduction produces definite purposes in the minds of all whom it touches with its thought

Instructions in *Religion, Philosophy, Philanthropy, Art, Literature, Drama* and everyday living upon the earth is given to these children The joyous *Rhythm* of the Interpretive dance, and music in its highest form are presented as expressions of *Creative Intelligence*. Such *Purity* of *Purpose* evinced by both *Teachers* and *Children* gives this earth world the remarkable wonders it now possesses

I was not permitted in the Inner *Sanctuary* where *Esoteric* wisdom was imparted, but graciously greeted by the teachers inside the building from whence the children's voices emanated

Children Radiate Light

When we opened the gate of the immaculate fence surrounding the place I felt that we were indeed entering another world. Inside the Rustic Temple of worship there was nothing to symbolize any special creed. The lovely white and pastel garments of the children radiated Light.

I am told the Color emanated from the organ and each particular note came to us as a *Healing Vibration*. *Music* and *Light* and color interblended, so that one could not be distinguished from the other. The flowers piled high in the building joined the choir in the projection of that same intermingling above mentioned.

It was a remarkable experience even though I was unable to see and hear all the wonders. My spiritual development could not compare with my *Teachers* but I saw and heard enough to convince me that *all* living things have a voice of expression, understood by those who are spiritually attuned.

Sometimes I had to listen intently to the infinite sounds to capture the more obvious phenomena. At the end of the meeting many children came over to greet us, sweet beings, whose purity gave one a feeling of intense humility and earthiness.

Supersensitiveness

One of the teachers in charge of the little ones, walked quietly toward us. Although evincing extreme kindliness and courtesy, placing her arms about us, she firmly and quietly ushered us from the Temple. She lingered in the doorway smiling down upon us, then returned to the children.

Outside in the *Nature World*, which was familiar to me, I felt relieved, for I knew that a tangible earth *Vibration* is vastly different from the *Radiation* which permeated the Temple. Such a Rarified atmosphere requires a spiritual supersensitiveness unable to be maintained while living almost exclusively upon the physical earth.

I feasted my eyes upon the tangible beauty of the Nature World which is our *Divine Heritage* and with my friends we journeyed back to earth consciousness. I had been permitted a brief glimpse of life under the tutelage of these *Radiant Teachers*.

Mansion of Harmony

Upon a hillside a vision manifested to me. The most exquisite blending of misty cloudlike substances gradually formed into an ethereal *Palace* of purple and gold, while across the length and breadth of it, the *Divine Magician* had painted Glorious symbols of *Light* and *Color*. This I believe is the *Mansion* of *Harmony*. Music and Art produce these radiations and over all the spirit of *Eternal Love* reigns supreme.

We have been compelled to learn many truths unaided. The teachers present the keys of *Astral Knowledge* to us. We must open the doors ourselves. When we journey into unfamiliar places the *Spirit* of *Faith* should predominate. There is a subconscious element of caution which prevents dangerous exploration into unknown realms.

Even though our friends and teachers may be with us, we can easily become separated from them by our own daring and de-

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 5)

Lodge Materializes at Candler Seance

Eighteen Persons Witness Rare Phenomena

Four Women Asked to Exact Strict Test Conditions.

Medium At Her Best

By
MABEL P. S. MOONEY (*)
205 Fifth Ave.
New Rochelle, New York

On the evening of July 31, 1945, I had the rare privilege of being invited to a seance in the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Pressing, in Lily Dale, N. Y. The medium was *Bertie Lily Candler*, Miami, Florida. Those present were *John Cooper*, Buffalo, N. Y.; *Mr and Mrs. Clarence H. Ford*, Miami; *Mr. and Mrs. George A. Hof*, Buffalo, N. Y.; *Miss Gretchen Horney*, Springfield, Ohio; *Edward Kimmey*, Miami; *Julia Ford McBride*, Miami, Florida; *Sadie McIntyre*, Freeville, N. Y.; *Bertha Marx*, Springfield, Ohio; *Ann P. Miller*, Cassadaga, N Y.; *Mabel P. S. Mooney*, New York City; *M. McBride Panton*, Stamford, Conn.; *Mr. and Mrs. Pressing; Mr. and Mrs. Vern Schenck*, Erie, Penn., and *Albert E. Vaughn Strode*, Enid, Oklahoma.

Before the seance began, Mrs. Pressing invited the group to inspect the materialization cabinet. We saw a recess filled with bookshelves before which a curtain had been drawn. A committee of four ladies, *of whom I was one*, accompanied *Mrs. Candler* to her room and verified the fact that her garments would permit no deception of any kind.

"Living Dead Man"

On the way downstairs, *the medium* identified the daughter and daughter-in-law of the lady ahead of me, and then asked me if I recognized the name, *Ida*. I did as that of *Mrs. Ida Hatch*, the wife of *Judge David P. Hatch* of Southern California. We knew them as neighbors many years ago and admired them greatly.

After his passing, Judge Hatch inspired *Elsa Barker* to write *"Letters of a Living Dead Man," "War Letters of a Living Dead Man"* and *"Last Letters of a Living Dead Man."* Mrs. Hatch had never contacted me before, though I have had evidential talks with the Judge and his son, *Bruce*, an old schoolmate of mine in Highland Park, California.

The first materialized spirit to appear was *Silver Leaf*, Mrs Candler's little guide. She was delighted with the large chocolate birthday cake which Mrs. Pressing had placed on a table in the center of the room. As she talked to us, she passed around small bits of this cake. I was given a pink candle with my piece. At the close of the seance we saw a clear cut in the cake from which *Silver Leaf* had taken the samples.

SEARCHED BEFORE SEANCE

Psychic Observer

BERTIE LILLY CANDLER

She is one of America's outstanding materialization and direct-voice mediums; is pastor of The Beckoning Light Spiritualist Church, 1621 S. E. 6th St., Miami, Florida. She resides at 2190 S. W. 16th St., Miami.

Anna Maria Theresa

As we sang, each one in the group received a remarkable demonstration. A darkhaired daughter came to her mother and was recognized at once. A beautiful Catholic sister asked for *Rev. Vaughn Strode*. He knew her at once as *Anna Maria Theresa*, who had come to him six or seven years ago and whose portrait he had painted, kneeling before the shrine of the Holy Virgin.

Next appeared a father with white hair, who gave his name as *John Horney*. He laughed and joked with his daughter and Mrs. Marx, who knew him well. We could hear his voice as he sang with us *"In the Garden."*

Sir Oliver Lodge

The mother of Mr. Ford came next. She walked around the circle to see us all, an interest which was characteristic of her in life. Then we heard the tones of a young man, *Howard Ford*, who was recognized at once by his parents, *Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Ford*. He gave us an inspiring talk, telling us how events first appear in the astral and then take place on earth.

Howard Ford spoke of the servicemen who are busy at work and progressing on higher planes. He cautioned us to take care to hurt no one, as we are judged by our deeds. Our duty is to be kind. He closed his talk by singing *"If I have wounded any soul today."*

Then came Mrs. Pressing's mother, who wove a lacy veil of ectoplasm in rhythmic movements and tied the four corners of Mrs. Pressing's handkerchief in knots. All this took place in front of the cabinet in the middle of the circle.

We were thrilled by the appearance of a dignified gentleman who asked for Mr. Pressing and commended him on the work he is doing to make the truth of spirit communion known to the world. This was none other than *Sir Oliver Lodge*. He stressed the fact that scientists are working on the problem of post-war development and results are sure.

Silver Leaf Proves . . .

Then came *Bluebell*, guide to *Mrs. Schenck*, and *Sonny*, whose boyish voice called to his parents as one without a care. This was not surprising as the child never lived on earth. He radiated happiness and fun, joining with gusto as we sang *"In the Good Old Summer Time."*

Chief Shooting-Star, the guide of *Rev. Floyd Humble*, appeared according to promise. He spoke from behind the curtain. He was followed by *Mrs. Ida Hatch*, who told me she had been with me all evening. Her face was very distinct and her voice clear. We talked as if we were having tea together. She recalled incidents of long ago. Later from behind the curtain *Silver Leaf* gave me evidential proof of the presence of a dearly loved aunt and her concern over the condition of her husband on the earth plane.

Ectoplasm Seen

Then came *Elizabeth Cooper* to her husband, *John Cooper*. Their conversation was close and endearing. Mr. Cooper had no doubt in his mind that this was his dearly loved wife. Another wife built up in the open, *Margaret Coleman Hof*. She, too, was recognized by her husband. In fact, I heard more than once the remark, *"You look just as you always did."*

Aunt Nan called for her nephew, *Rev. McBride Panton*. She asked him to kneel as she wished to give him more power. We saw him veiled in ectoplasm which she drew from his solar plexus.

Mrs. Marx's Hindu teacher came next and blessed her as she knelt. We could not understand the foreign tongue but the significance of blessing was unmistakable. Another test followed when *Sister Mary* appeared to *Julia Ford McBride*. This sister had come a year ago thru the trumpet of a medium now "dead." She had promised at that time some day to reveal her name. Mrs. McBride had told no one. *Sister Mary* gave an inspiring little talk on the body as the temple of the soul, and the *"I am"* as the God within us.

Howard Candler Closes

Within the cabinet a man's voice asked us to sing *"Haven of Rest."* He was recognized at once by *Clarence Ford* as *Rev. William Davis*, who forty years ago was the minister of a little Baptist church in *Pruntytown*, West Virginia. This was his favorite song. When our tune did not correspond to the one *Rev. Davis* knew, he carried the words himself in the melody with which he was familiar.

Margaret Lee was then warmly greeted by *Gretchen Horney*. We could have stayed all night, waiting for our beloved faces beyond the veil, but the power began to ebb. *Howard Candler* told us this from the cabinet and dismised us with a prayer. The last spirit voice we heard was Silver Leaf's as she sang *"Floating Away"* to the tune of *"Goodnight, Ladies."*

No one present will ever forget the birthday party which made so real the fact that there is no death.

(*) Under the pen name of "The Unknown Minstrel," Mrs. Mooney has written three books: "God's Country," $1.00; "Voice of The Spirit," $1.00 and her latest "Thru The Open Door," $1.50.

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American Soldier Visits English Spiritualists

G.I. Lauds Mediums From the States

Another Letter To the Psychic Observer

Warrington, England
May 27, 1945.

Dear Mrs. Pressing:

Have received your letter the other day for which I kindly thank you. Though I have never met you personally I feel as though I have known you and Mr. Pressing for a long time. Charles Swann and Clifford Bias have spoken to me about you folks when I was still a civilian.

PINKOS

I was hoping to visit you and also Lily Dale camp, but *Uncle Sam* called on me in the meantime and here I am, trying to do my part

While here in England, I usually travel around the country visiting the *Spiritualist Asscciations*, their churches and also the psychic centres. I have met quite a few mediums here and they are progressing very good in their task of furthering the truth of Spiritualism. They have quite a bit of opposition due to the Witchcraft Law but that don't bother the mediums here. They still go on with their beautiful work regardless.

Spiritualism's Progression

Speaking of witchcraft, it was probably invented by somebody that don't know he exists. Here in England, as I notice and talk to various people, they always look back on tradition. But to my estimation it is worthless. It is everyone's duty to further the progress and not look back and retard it. Same goes for orthodox religions.

They quote in the Bible that revelations during Christ's time only occurred then, thus retarding themselves but the truth of it is, that revelation takes place every day.

Spiritualism is the only religion that progresses It will always progress because we can prove what we claim. We have no guess work, we deliver the goods—PROOF!

Now Mrs. Pressing, here is something that I would like you to know. I was a Catholic for 26 years. When a boy, I used to serve with the priests at the altar. I have also graduated from Catholic schools, yet I never did care for it at all. I never was satisfied.

Three years ago I got into Spiritualism and, the very first time I investigated, I was convinced. It was the first time I sat in a seance.

Believe me that's when my happiness came. When I was home, I used to sit for development and even now, while in service, I still follow my work. In the meantime I did quite a bit of studying from books and also through the impressions I receive.

Some day when I get home, I will follow this work and help others who are in need of spiritual guidance.

Charles and Clifford are my two best friends. Their guides, *Sonny* and *Sylvia*, are wonderful. I always enjoyed their good humor when I sat in their circles. Once in a while they come and visit me here and I sure feel glad to know that they haven't forgotten me.

White Eagle Lodge

I have received some wonderful teachings from *Dr. Lascelles* and *Dr. Kirk*. I always look back to the wonderful sittings I have had with my two medium friends.

A month ago I had a furlough so I went to Scotland and spent it there. As usual, I went to visit the various spiritualist associations and also the big Psychic College there. While there I visited the *White Eagle Healing Lodge* and met Mr. Cooke, husband of Grace Cooke, who has another healing lodge in London.

Everytime I get leave I always visit various organizations to see how they are progressing in this beautiful work. That is the way I spend my furloughs and I surely enjoy myself—just visiting the mediums and trying to progress in my work.

Believe me Mrs. Pressing, Spiritualism teaches *Brotherhood of Man* and when I go visiting the different mediums it's just like one big happy family.

I remember one verse from the Bible, *"Thy people shall be my people"*. And in Spiritualism I find that the brotherhood of man is being more clearly understood by everyone.

Knowledge NOT Belief

Well Mrs. Pressing, I guess I am running out of words. Incidentally whenever I receive the PSYCHIC OBSERVER, and I read them, I always pass them on. I have left them in various Red Cross trains, buses and with different mediums. They are scattered all over England and Scotland.

With all my power I spread the truth of Spiritualism wherever I go for *I KNOW IT IS THE TRUTH*. I do not say *"belief"* because that word belongs only to the Orthodox religions and they have lots to learn, don't you think? Belief is a small word in my estimation and *"knowing"* is the big word and we, as Spiritualists, *KNOW*, not just guess at it.

I hope you are not bored with this letter, for when I get together with Spiritualist people I don't know when to stop, so now I think I will end.

May God bless you, Mrs. Pressing and Mr. Pressing, for the wonderful work you are trying to do—and may the Angel world guide you and protect you—always.

I remain,

Sincerely,

Frank S. Pinkos,
ASN 36459270,
Sec. 22—BAD No. 1,
APO 635,
Care Postmaster, N.Y.C.

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ROBERTA COLDREN DYER
1411 Gregory Avenue
Wilmette, Illinois

LIGHT, MORE LIGHT

Said GOETHE

"Biblical Spiritualism"

REVIEWED

By DORTCH CAMPBELL

You have been looking for a book that will give you *Light* on the purpose of the life of the *Nazarene?* I have recently found such a book and I hope that you will, too, because the simple little book will refresh you and give you faith and courage in the Way you have chosen for yourself. The book was written by *Robert G. Chaney*, minister of the *Spiritualist Episcopal Church* at Eaton Rapids, Michigan. It is called *Biblical Spiritualism*. (Dale News, Inc., $2.00)

'*The charge is often made that there is no Spiritualism in the Bible,*" observes Robert G. Chaney in his foreword. "*I hope this book will prove that the statement is unfounded.*"

Biblical Spiritualism by no means gives all the light we crave and ask for. It is not designed for a beacon; it is not established in a watchtower. But I am persuaded that there are many things in that book that shine as a guide to the mariners plunging into Spiritualism.

Jesus' Psychic Life

One book has gone a long way to link Spiritualism with Old and New Testaments. It is *G. Maurice Elliott's "The Psychic Life of Jesus."* Books that show the link to Spiritualism of *Jesus of Nazareth* need to be written. We need more majestic scientists of spirit with that light. But why wait when you get a sweet, fine glimpse in that which has been written by *Robert G. Chaney?*

The very simplicity of his book appeals to me. That is the way even scientific books should be written because science is found only in the simple things. This is not a book in the usual sense of the word but a collection of lectures, asserts the Eaton Rapids minister. He spoke from the platform heart-to-heart and the yearnings of those gathered around him inspired and brought the truth.

The sole basis for the existence of some sects is that of awaiting the return of the Master; others have set no specific time. But Rev. Chaney throws a brilliant light on the Galilean's promise.

"*It is an alternating source of amazement that all these religions have been waiting for an event that already has happened,*" he declares.

No Greater Passages

The Saviour returned, according to the author of *Biblical Spiritualism*, almost immediately after the crucifixion. After the Christ appeared to Mary, she went to the others and told them of her wonderful vision, regarding which Mark writes: "*And when they heard that he was alive, and had been seen of her, believed not.*"

Robert G. Chaney declares: "*The return of the Christ took all the wishing, all the hoping, all the theorizing out of the essential parts of his ministry . . . He said, 'I go to prepare a place for you.' Then he returned to prove to them what he said was absolutely true.*"

Too many religious leaders, as the author affirms, have said, "*I hope it is true,*" but, as a result of his return they should know that it is true. Nevertheless, "*there are no greater passages in all the Bible,*" he vigorously asserts, "*than those which give the glorious proof of his teachings, the proof of immortality. This return of the Christ is the culmination, the climax, of his teachings. It is the undeniable demonstration, the proof positive, of life after death. This scene is repeated today in thousands of cases. All over the world people are seeing visions of those who have departed.*'

And yet they will not believe even though one rose from the dead!

What ails the sons and daughters of this generation that they quibble and doubt and talk among themselves? Doubt and talk as they did of old, saying, "*Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joseph, and of Juda, and Simon? and are not his sisters here with us?*"

Pure and True

Unbelief now as then like the poor is always with us. But why that disbelief in that which is so simple, so plain and so obvious than any wayfaring man ought to be able to read? I think it is because the generations look for the bewildering and the mysterious.

But the program of life, according to *Pastor Wagner*, the refreshing Alsatian philosopher, is terribly simple, after all. The science of life, too — and of death — is terribly simple. No mystery about it at all; no complexity; no confusion, but just a simple going on joyfully and lovingly, and the Christ came and returned just to prove that very simple truth, and only simple explanations of it all are sweet and pure and true.

For me one of Robert's most interesting chapters is based on the sacred promise, "*Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared.*" Man has always received angel guidance. "*The sound of a mighty wind and flashing tongues of fire greeted the Apostles as they met on the day of Pentecost,*" regarding which and more too the author *of Biblical Spiritualism* writes.

But for the most of us if there is Listening Love that guidance will come like the rustle of an Angel's Wing. Let us make our lives and our seeking gentle and simple and greater things yet shall we do.

Goethe, when he lay dying, cried unto those about him, "*Light, more Light!*" So the millions at the threshold cry. *Robert G. Chaney* opens the door just a little way, and light streams through the pages of a little book which in some respects is as refreshing as *Charles Wagner's* beautiful volume, "*The Simple Life.*"

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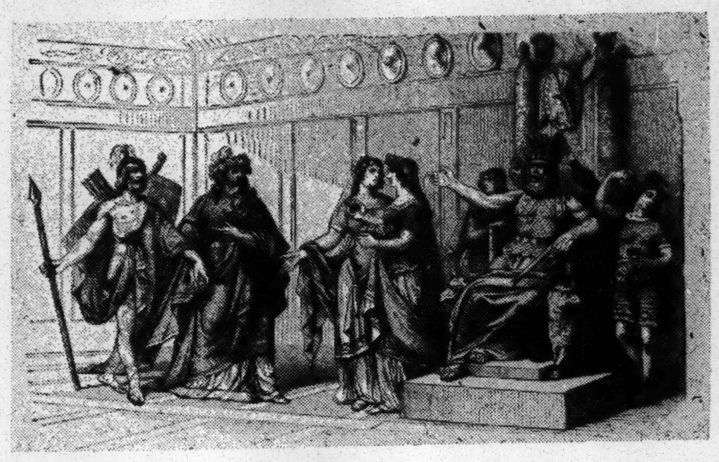
Odin Welcoming a Hero at Valhalla



Only those who could shout "Laughing I Die" were eligible for this special ceremony. Valhyries served such heroes with much pomp and choice foods.

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II.

A Psychic History of Religion

This is the second in a series of articles written by one of America's leading ministers of the religion of Spiritualism.

Articles to follow are: "In Egypt," "In Judea," "In Babylon and Assyria," "In China," "In India," and "In Greece and Rome."

IN THE NORTH

By
REV. M. McBRIDE PANTON

While fear of the spirits of the "*dead*" was a general rule amongst all primitive peoples, there was an early emergence from this fear amongst the peoples of the far North of Europe. The *Norse*, the *Slavs* and the *Celts*, all these races early developed a cult of the "*dead*" that possessed many elements of joy and happiness in an *after-life* which was not shared by more southern peoples until centuries later.

It was this belief, primarily, that gave to these peoples their fierceness in war and combat. *Caesar* states, "*The Druids in particular wish to impress on them that souls do not perish, but pass from one to another after death, and by this chiefly think to incite men of valour, the fear of death being overlooked.*"

Meaning of "Hell"

And *Lucan*, in the *Pharsalia*, says of the *Druids*, "*From you we learn that the bourne of man's existence is not the silent halls of Erebus; in another world the spirit animates the members. Death, if your lore be true, is but the center of a long life.*"

These northern peoples had two concepts of the after life — the *Valhalla*, "*the hall of the slain,*" which was *Gladsheimr*, "*the home of Joy,*" with walls and roof built of shields and spears, and with a wolf skin hanging before its door, wherein *Odin* welcomes heroes who are able to shout, "*Laughing I die,*" and *Valkyries* serve generous portion of wine—and also the *Underworld*, where good and bad alike were supposed to live.

The general teutonic name for the underworld was *Hell*, (*Norse, Hel; German, Holla; Gothic, Halya; etc.*). This is interesting from the viewpoint of the progression of ideas, for until the advent of *Christianity*, hell carried no connotation of punishment, but was simply an abode for all but the bright heroes of *Valhalla*.

Singular Powers?

This *Valhalla* was conceived as being across water, which accounts for the practice amongst the *Vikings* of placing the corpse, well provided by food, etc., in a boat and setting this boat free to carry its cargo to the *Blessed Land*.

These "*dead*" were conceived as possessing singular powers in addition to those commonly conceived by all primitive man. These were the first primitive men to get away from the strange notion that the dead were *only* hostile to the living. These peoples not only broke away from dread and fear of their "*dead*"— they actually strove to consult their dead heroes concerning the affairs of the living.

Fabre d' Olivet

Amongst the *Celts*, mediums were known from the earliest recorded times, and amongst the *Norse*, the *Volves* were professional mediums who enjoyed high esteem. In the winter season, in the company of boys and girls who chanted songs that induced *trance*, they journeyed from farm to farm giving *seances* and were everywhere happily received.

In fact, it is amongst these people that we find the first recorded organization of religion — and spiritualitstic religion at that! The time, according to *Fabre d'Olivet*, is 6,750 B. C.

The Warrior Said . . .

The story is that two Celt tribes had declared war. The two chiefs, or *Hermans*, had challenged one another to single combat and were about to battle when suddenly a woman, named *Voluspa*, dishevelled and excited, threw herself between the two angry Hermans at the risk of her life. She was the wife of one and the sister of the other—yet so strange had her manner become, so imperious her voice, that she made them listen to her.

She told that while in her wagon a strange state of sleep, yet not sleep, had come over her and she had heard a loud voice calling her by name. She saw a warrior of immense size, surrounded by dazzling light, who said, "*Descend, Voluspa, gather up thy robe and hasten to the place where thy spouse and thy brother are about to shed blood. Tell them that I, the first Herman, the first hero of the race, the Vanquisher of the Black People, have descended from the palace of the clouds, where resides my soul, to order them by thy voice to cease this fratricdal combat. It is a ruse of the Black People which divides them. They are there hidden in the denseness of the forest. They await until death shall have destroyed the most valiant, to fall upon the rest and enrich themselves with their spoils.*

Voluspa's Words

"*Dost thou not hear the cries of victory which they already shout at the feet of their idol? Go! Lose no time. Surprise them in the intoxication of their ferocious joy and strike them with death. My soul will tremble with joy at the sound of thy exploits. Carried on thy steps by the breath of the storm I shall feel myself wielding again the strong lance and bathing it in the blood of the enemy.*"

Voluspa's words struck home and the two *Hermans* clasped hands and swore to obey that great *Herman*, first hero of the race. They and their men joined forces, raided the enemy, who were found in the condition predicted, and massacred them. After, *Voluspa*, was again seized by the spirit of the great *Herman*, who predicted the victories of the race.

Druids Did Nothing

Voluspa, from this time forward, was an honored person. She and others of her kind were regarded as interpreters of *Heaven;* they were declared law-makers; their orders were received as oracles. A college of women was intrusted to regulate all things in the cult or religion and in the government. Several colleges in different countries were establishd, with a *Druidess* at the head, under orders of *Voluspa*.

These *Druidesses* presided over the religion, uttering oracles as needed. They were consulted on special affairs, as *Voluspa* was consulted on general affairs. The *Druids* did nothing without taking their advice and even *Kings* obeyed their orders.

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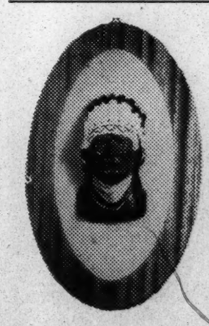

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A Memorial To An Ernest and Eminent Psychic Researcher

The life and works of.....
DR. RICHARD HODGSON
(1855-1905)

By ALEX T. BAIRD
15 *Delvin Road,*
Glasgow, S. 4, *Scotland* .....

When we stop to consider how the truth of Survival has spread over the globe, we are usually ready to give every credit for this advance to the genuine psychics of bygone days. Which of course, is as it should be. But I think we are prone to overlook the investigators who gave splendid assistance and that is why I, an obscure *Scotsman*, would like to recall to the *American* public the name of one of the greatest psychological researchers of all time, *Dr. Richard Hodgson of Australia, England* and *America.*

Forty years have elapsed since his death and as public memory is short lived—except when it has been swindled—I think a brief note of his career and character would be welcomed by the younger generation—at least, the intelligent section.

Lost His Sweetheart

Hodgson was born in *Melbourne* in 1855 and attended the university of that city where he secured the degree of *L. L. D.* in 1878. Before he was twenty, he realized that the tenets of his church were insufficient for his spiritual requirements and with the honesty that plagued him all his life, he promptly severed his connection.

This action, not only brought parental wrath on his head, but, worse still, was the indirect cause of him losing his sweetheart, *Jessie D——*, who died some time later. How many young men of 1945 would make such a sacrifice for an ideal?

Shortly afterwards he came to *England.* He studied in *Cambridge* where he met *Henry Sedgwick*, who reawakened in him a desire to study psychical research, the first germ of which had already been planted by his knowledge of certain phenomena in *Australia.*

Leonore Piper

At this time, *Hodgson*, a fervent believer in the philosophy of *Herbert Spencer*, was inclined to regard the psychic field as the happy hunting ground of the charlatan and trickster.

His investigations of *Madame Blavatsky* and *Eglinton*, an English medium, confirmed him in that belief and he was almost disposed to consider that survival could *not* be proved on this side of the grave.

Such was his state of mind when the name of *Leonore E. Piper* reached his ears. He thought that *Professor William James*, who had discovered and sponsored her, had been woefully deceived and as he had accepted the post of secretary of the *American Society for Psychical Research* in Boston, he would, at the same time, shatter the reputation of *Mrs. Piper* to the four winds of heaven—another scalp for his belt.

An Honest Skeptic

The reader may fault *Hodgson* for *a priori* condemnation of *Mrs. Piper*, yet he must remember that he was simply reacting to the impact of his previous experiences.

So here we have a very interesting situation, a fierce but *honest*

HE WAS CONVINCED

Psychic Observer

DR. RICHARD HODGSON

skeptic is opposition to a very young and inexperienced psychic, with, apparently, all the odds on the former.

Hodgson was not long in Boston before he contacted his quarry in a series of five sittings and the investigator was the loser.

Telepathy Not the Answer

Quite frankly, he wrote later in the *Proceedings* of the *Society for Psychical Research*, that Mrs. *Piper* had demonstrated that she possessed telepathic powers—at the least—and that her mediumhip was valid.

What had caused this rapid mental somersault on the part of Hodgson? I think that it was the evidence provided by his deceased sweetheart, *Jessie D—.*

Hodgson, however, would not accept survival on the strength of these sittings, his scepticism was not so easily beaten down. Why should he accept *survival* when *Telepathy* would cover the phenomena as well?

His interest in *Mrs. Piper* was now thoroughly roused. He organized and took charge of her sittings, no sitter could have an interview unless he was there taking notes, for he distrusted the sitter as well as the psychic.

Furthermore, all sitters were completely shrouded in anonymity, under the names of Mr. or Mrs. Smith.

Hodgson worked along these lines from then in 1887 till his sudden death in 1905.

He died a firm believer in survival, he, the man who in his youth had considered it a remote probability and later electrified *England* and *America* when he wrote these words:

(1) *"At the present time, I cannot profess to have any doubt. But that the chief 'communicators' to whom I have reference in the foregoing pages, are veritably the personages they claim to be, that they have survived the change we call death, and that they have directly communicated with us, whom we call living through Mrs. Piper's organism."*

Saul had become *Paul* and no longer persecuted the Christians. The *amende honorable* of a very gallant gentleman.

In this brief article, I have not the space to relate the innumerable items of evidence that *Hodgson* discovered and the student of psychical research is strongly advised to lay hands on, at all costs, the two (2) reports that *Richard Hodgson* wrote on his work with Mrs. Piper. They are a veritable gold mine for he who seeks to answer humanity's second oldest problem, *Shall we live when we die?*

Spiritual Qualities

There is another side to *Hodgson* that must be told. He was a man of brilliant attainments and, had he so desired, could have secured great material success in this life, for he was offered many lucrative positions in keeping with his talents.

He rejected them all so that he could concentrate on, what to him, was the most important quest in life. He did not adopt this course without due consideration for he knew that his decision meant living alone in a single room, with little income to supply his daily needs.

And so, his life was that of a poor man—poor in his accumulation of this world's gear but rich in *imperishable Spiritual* qualities. He is no longer with us but his devoted idealism, like a blazing star, lights the way to those who, in gloom and despair, follow on.

Just a Plain Man

The reader may wonder why I write of *Richard Hodgson* and not of myself. I have little to offer in the way of a personal story while *Hodgson* has so much.

I am a plain citizen of no consequence and I claim little credit for the book I wrote—or rather—edited. Most of the honor goes to the people—*over one hundred in number*—who provided my very good cases. I merely collected and placed them in compact form for those who were too busy—or too lazy—to search for them.

Here and now I must admit my special indebtedness to *W. H. Salter* of the *Society for Psychical Research, London* and *Lydia W. Allison* of the *American Society for Psychical Research*, New York, who enabled me to include the majority of the cases in my book, for without their assistance, it would not have seen the light of day.

I wrote it hoping that it would bring some comfort to hearts stricken with bereavement and who did not know which way to

(1).—Proceedings. The Society for Psychical Research, London, Vol. XIII, Part XXXIII.

(2).—Proceedings. Ibed. Vols. VIII and XIII.

NOTED SCOT WRITER

Psychic Observer

ALEX T. BAIRD

Author of
"One Hundred Cases for Survival After Death" (*)

turn for some evidence of survival. If my *Hundred Cases* has done that to one individual—though I know not that person—then I am more than satisfied.

Richard Hodgson was like that while he lived, devoting his life to a problem, the solution of which, would bring enlightenment and joy to humanity. That was all the reward he desired. I seek no more.

No stone marks the resting place of his body for he was cremated at the *Forest Hills Crematorium*, in the *Jamaica Plain*, near Boston and there his ashes remain in perpetual care. No monument has been erected to his memory although others have had that distinction for less glorious deeds, his true monument is his two reports to the *Society For Psychical Research.* (**) *Read them.*

(*) See Page 6, book list under Baird.
(**) Inquire from Society for Psychical Research, 40 East 34th St., N. Y. C.

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Valley of Sacred Little Children

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 5)

sire to learn too rapidly. Curiosity and anxiety are two factors with which to reckon for they propel us astrally into regions unsafe for the beginner to visit.

The Obsolete Era

This experience which I have related presented no such problem, for the love and purity of the dear little children made it impossible for any aspect of Fear to enter the vicinity. The children's adoration for all that is holy and their deep respect and devotion to the birds, animals and all brothers and sisters of the *Nature Kingdom*, promotes such tranquility as is known only to the *Higher Kingdoms.*

Whenever I am privileged to visit these places I reluctantly return to the earth. During our sleep hours, we accomplish the purposes for which we live during the day. Our Astral journeyings are actuated by our subconscious and conscious desires.

Someday we shall learn to wisely join the two worlds and remember clearly that which we have seen and heard. When that time comes *Life and Death* will join hands in such a fashion as to be understood by the undeveloped soul. Our complexities and problems shall become so simplified, that to entertain thoughts of *Fear* and *Worry* will label us as products of an *Obsolete Era*, and consign us to the companionship of our own nightmares.

After having seen these lovely babies and their beloved Teachers, I desire above all else to be privileged once more to journey to where Nature's Cathedral of *Ineffable Glory* vibrates with the Heavenly voices of childhood in *The Valley of the Sacred Children.*

Married

On September 12th, 1945, Rev. Frances ADAM, 21 Winthrop St., Rochester, N. Y., was united in marriage to Raymond COVIE, Franklin Square, Long Island, N. Y. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Marion MILLER, Pastor of The Spiritual Church of Magdalena, Queens Village, L. I.

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Are You Superstitious? ★★

Do you touch wood? Are you afraid to spill salt? Do you think black cats are lucky? Do you dread a broken mirror? If so you will be interested in the origin of your favorite superstition.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **BY WILLIAM BUTLER**

That one person's expression of faith can be another person's superstitious belief becomes obvious upon a very brief consideration. For instance, an orthodox Christian before embarking on any project may give utterance to a fervent "*D.V.*", whereas the more materialistic type of individual will, in like circumstance, exclaim "*Touch Wood,*" and suit the action to the word.

Both are urged to act so by the same instinctive dread of some evil that may lurk ahead to frustrate their plans; though each would doubtless disapprove of, and even be ready to ridicule the behavior of the other in this respect.

It is now quite impossible to account for the majority of popular superstitions, since the root-idea has long disappeared beneath a vast supercrust of later accretions, but there are a few which we are able to trace back to their likely source.

What is the origin of the superstition of "*touching wood*"? In the first place, primitive man soon came to realize that infection might result from touch; that is, as he ignorantly inferred, contact with one possessed of a demon, not a germ-carrier. From this conviction it was a natural step to the reverse notion that health, as well as various benefits, might be obtained by laying one's hand upon certain persons or objects.

Protective Powers of Wood

Many trees, also their wood, were held in veneration in ancient days owing to their association with beneficent deities. The oak, in particular, was considered to be sacred.

Thus we read in *Hosea, IV.*13, of incense being burned "*under oaks and poplars and elms, because the shadow thereof is good.*"

The *Druids* worshipped under the oak; a number of these trees in the grove of *Dodona*, which surrounded *Jupiter's* temple, were endowed with the gift of prophecy; while the beam on the prow of the ship *Argo*, cut from one of them, had similarly the power of delivering oracles.

Coming to more modern times, the cradle of the first *Prince of Wales*, afterwards Edward II, was made of oak.

"*It is most probable,*" says *C. J. S. Thompson*, in *The Hand of Destiny*, "that the origin of touching either wood or metal was induced as a protection against the '*evil eye*', when a boast had been made or something said which might arouse admiration, so that no harm might follow to the person who had spoken the words."

A reasonable assumption, but a contributory factor may have been that, in days of old, any delinquent fleeing from vengeance was safe from further pursuit as soon as he entered a sacred edifice and laid his hand upon the altar, which in its earliest form was of wood. Indeed, to have touched so much as the door of the building would no doubt have assured safety.

Significance of Salt

We are all aware that the spilling of salt is accounted a most unlucky omen. Salt has always played a prominent part in religious ritual, but not in black magic. "*Nicolas Remy and very many other authorities,*" observes *Montague Summers*, "*emphasize the fact that salt never appears at the witches' table. Bodin says that salt as an emblem of eternity is hateful to the demon.*"

Although the Greeks and Romans looked upon salt as sacred, in fact as a repository of life, to the Egyptians, Sharper Knowlson tells us, "*it was a common metaphor for calamity and desolation.*"

Not infrequently we find the same charms or symbols exerting at one time a beneficial, and at another a harmful, influence.

Formerly the family *saler* (salt-cellar) was of massive silver, and set half-way along the table. The upper part of the table was reserved for the master of the house, his relations, guests and persons of distinction; servants and dependants took their seats below the cellar.

To share one's salt with somebody was symbolical of the cementing of friendship; the eating of it together created a mystical union between two souls. As we now hold out our hand to one in greeting, so of yore it was customary to pass the salt as a sign of welcome at one's festal board; though it was unlucky to help another to salt, that would have been equivalent to forcing one's friendship upon an individual who might not want it.

Superstitious Romans

"*He is not worth his salt,*" is a term of contempt for one whose acquaintance is not worth cultivating. Overturning the salt-cellar in front of a person, or spilling salt in his direction in passing it, was supposed to be a sure sign of a rupture between the two parties and impending quarrels.

Just as one could pick one by giving the *fico*, i.e., biting the thumb, so one could deliberately insult a person by practically casting salt in his face. Judas Iscariot is indicated in *Leonardo da Vinci's* famous picture of the *Lord's Supper* by the salt-cellar knocked over accidentally by his arm.

Having spilt the salt, immediately one must throw a pinch of it over one's left shoulder—because, being least easy to defend, that is the part of the body the devil most favors.

The Romans regarded it as an unlucky omen to spill salt, and *Cobham Brewer* states that this superstition has descended from them to ourselves. Salt was used by them, the Greeks, and Jews in sacrifice, and is still employed by the Roman Catholic clergy in baptism.

By the latter, some of it is put into the infant's mouth, "*which,*" remarks Joseph McCabe, in *The Popes and their Church*, "*it generally resents in the usual manner and tone.*"

Here again one notes the close link existing between superstition and faith, for among country folk in the North of England it is the practice to pop a pinch of salt into a baby's mouth for luck the first time it is taken from its home and carried into another house.

The Broken Mirror

Why is it deemed so unfortunate to break a mirror? The origin of this superstition, it has been suggested, goes back to the days prior to the invention of looking-glasses.

Our distast ancestors, when they caught sight of their reflections in water, imagined their own soul, or that of some other human being, was imaged there at the time; from which arose the notion that the smashing of a mirror might permanently inflict an injury upon the spirit of the observer.

Furthermore, mirrors have ever been favorite implements for divination; did the magician chance to break one during the process, then it foreboded ill for the consultant.

Magic mirrors are mentioned by *Apuleius, Pausanias* and *St. Augustine. Pythagoras* had one; he, we are told, held it up to the moon before reading the future in its bright surface.

Walking under a ladder is, for some obscure reason, to court disaster. The explanation may be that a criminal about to be hanged had once to ascend a ladder to the gallows. A jocular designation of the hangman was "*groom of the ladder.*" Spitting between the rungs of a ladder, as one walks under it, is supposed to ward off any disastrous consequences.

Lucky Black Cat

Black cats bring luck owing to their having been the constant companions, the "familiars," of witches. One of the surest means of protecting oneself from attack by the agents of Satan is to employ the same devices as they do. Most charms were in the first place designed with this purpose in view; so the Egyptians wore one of the Eye of Horus to counteract the influence of the "*evil eye.*"

And to this day, in Italy, where the meeting with a hunchback is believed to be unlucky, a small figure of a *gobbo* is carried on the person to divert the gaze of one or other casters of spells.

We most of us flatter ourselves that we are free from superstitions, yet almost all of us have our pet one. *Napoleon* had a superstitious fear of scent; *Lord Roberts* an unaccountable dread of cats; and *King Edward*, I know not why, would never allow a mattress to be turned on a Friday. He was also obsessed with the strange idea that anything green was extremely unlucky. Possibly some incident of childhood is, in many cases, responsible for such individual freaks of fancy.

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A Reporter's Report on Newspaper Persecution of the Spiritualists

Psychic Observer

FRED A. PEASE, reporter for the News and the Sun at Springfield, Ohio, has had more than twenty-five years experience as a news writer.

He has worked on several dailies, including the Press at Evansville, Ind., the News at Lima, Ohio, the Star at Niles, Mich., and the News-Bee at Toledo, Ohio.

Newspaper Ethics

by
FRED A. PEASE
518 High St., Springfield, Ohio

With a none too facile pen—or typewriter—one woman in recent weeks has caused to be spread on the pages of America's "*leading*" newspapers a diatribe against Spiritualism.

As a newspaperman—a reporter for daily newspapers for 30 years—I take exceptions to this woman's statements.

As a member of a race that has been persecuted for the past 2,000 years, this woman should know better than to start something like this—because she will never be able to finish it.

History teaches that falsehood is "*the last refuge of a knave,*" and this woman, in her attempt to make a case against Spiritualism, has resorted to falsehood.

Spirit Guidance

Spiritualism has brought comfort, solace and happiness to millions of men, women and little children. It, therefore, ill behooves a member of her race to attack the religious belief of millions of well-intentioned people. When that woman resorts to rank falsehoods in the attack, it is time to call a halt.

I don't mind a bit broadcasting to the world . . . that without any education I have for 30 years worked as a newspaper reporter—with the aid of the spirit world.

Without any training whatsoever I have, all down through the years, been able to do my job—on many newspapers—because disembodied individuals helped me. Claiming no credit whatever for myself, I wish to state that the millions of words I have written (and which have been printed in daily newspapers) have been given to me from the unseen world.

To me Spiritualism is no theory. *It is a proven fact.* Proven in my own experience and my own life.

After reading a few of this woman's articles about Spiritualism I would be ashamed to say that I am a newspaper reporter except for one thing. That one thing is that this woman is the exception that proves the rule and that is she is apt to be short-lived in journalism. She is what commonly is termed a "*flash in the pan.*" A few short weeks of the limelight and then—OBLIVION.

In the series of articles conjured up and written by this woman and published throughout the United States, there is one big ray of hope despite the misgivings of many Spiritualists who read the effervescent vaporings.

ANY and ALL attacks on Spiritualism prove to be boomerangs. Thousands of people who read this woman's frothings—and who perhaps never before gave Spiritualism a serious thought—had their interest aroused. Many of those readers will now take the trouble to investigate the subject.

So, instead of "*exposing*" Spiritualism, as was undoubtedly this woman's object, she actually has stimulated interest in it.

Therefore, as Spiritualists, we can cheerfully fling the challenge back into their faces. Bring on your professional hecklers. NEVER CAN THEY PHASE THE TRUTH OF SPIRITUALISM.

Besinett's Superb Mediumship

by
FRED A. PEASE

I am at present and have been for the past three years a reporter for the News Sun in Springfield, Ohio. I have covered news stories for all of the large press associations, named *AP*, *INS.*, and *UP.* Notably, I covered the John Dillinger murder trials in 1934 at Lima, Ohio.

More than 25 years ago my good friend and fellow reporter on the old News-Bee, a Scripps Howard daily at Toledo, was *William Roche.* Roche was assigned to write a series of articles anent Spiritualism. Obviously it was to be an "*expose*" of the terrific chicanery of mediums.

My friend Roche was always sincere and loved the truth in any topic. In his delving around Toledo, with myself as an assistant. he came in contact with several bona fide mediums, notably *Ada Besinett.* Many weeks passed and the articles appeared in print.

Instead of an "*expose*" the campaign turned out to be a very good explanation of Spiritualism. Roche, who incidentally married Miss Besinett, is now out of the body but his soul lives on. In proof of what Toledo people think of him there is today, in Toledo, a beautiful public hospital. And over the massive doors are carved the words: "*Roche Memorial Hospital.*"

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(P-172)

SPIRITUALISM IN SWEDEN

Isolated Groups Show Limited Progress

By EDITH G. URCH

In this article, Mrs. Urch submits a brief account of Spiritualist activities in Sweden during the war years and the part she herself was able to take in the preservation and extension of the truths of personal conscious survival.

In Stockholm I came across a doctor, a dentist and a literary man, who were enthusiastic workers in the Spiritualist Movement. But other Swedes of learning and influence who shared our views admitted that they could take no active part, as that would undermine their position.

In Sweden, Spiritualism has to cope not only with the enmity of various religious sects—including even the followers of the great medium *Swedenborg*—but also that of the still more powerful *National Church.*

Ministers Reluctant

Its power is such that, no matter what religious opinions a man holds, he finds it necessary to be inscribed as a member of some recognized church, for the church has various judicial functions, e. g., even a foreigner can obtain his monthly ration of spirits only by producing a paper signed by a representative of the church in whose parish he resides.

Even in pre-war days the sale of spirits was a State monopoly, regulated by serving a fixed amount only on the production of a church paper, certifying that the bearer was fit to be entrusted with its consumption.

Very rarely does a minister of the Swedish Church openly avow any leanings towards *Spiritualism.* A short while ago, one of them actually did dare to disseminate a little *Spiritualism* among his candidates for confirmation. He was promptly suspended from all parochial duties for the few years which remain till his pension falls due.

Press Criticizes

On the whole, the *Swedish Press* too is hostile to *Spiritualism.* One or two Swedish journalists, with whom I broached the subject, exclaimed: *"For heaven's sake, don't let's go back to the superstition of the Middle Ages!"*

Occasionally the Press does deign to throw some light on the claims of *"those who sit in darkness."* Usually the commentary is hypercritically adverse, showing the customary lack of investigation. Yet, now and again, a fairer, even a favorable, report appears.

The Movement, which can scarcely claim more than 500 members altogether, is unfortunately divided. There is a small section of 50 to 60 which meets regularly to discuss various aspects of *Spiritualism,* and to review its literature.

There are two other Societies, each of which holds services and arranges sittings and lectures, from September to June—none at all in summer.

One Society follows the New Testament representation of the divinity and teaching of Jesus Christ.

Psychic Atmosphere

The other—neither denying nor accepting this view—lays more stress on the indwelling spirit, maintaining that Spiritualism includes the *Jew,* the *Moslem,* the *Parsee,* the *Buddhist,* and any other way to God.

One Sunday morning in every month, this Society holds a service, in a little basement hall, lit only by a few candles on the flower-decked temporary altar. It is well attended by earnest seekers after the Inner Light. They sing no hymns, but sit in silence, following the spiritual words of their little white-haired Minister, *Eric Rane,* a former Missioner to Swedish sailors abroad.

The psychic atmosphere at that service, in the dim light, takes one back to the meetings of the early Christians in the catacombs. When in contact with the aura of that humble servant of God, I felt that, to a great extent, the sanctity of that service was due to the far-reaching vibrations of his unassuming simplicity, his purity, and all embracing kindness of heart.

Few Visitors Now

R. Carlson, son of the well-known Swedish Spiritualist pioneer — now deceased — the vice president of this Society and one of its most energetic workers, has developed mediumistic powers, and he publishes a well-informed monthly magazine: *"The Spiritualist,"* which aims at keeping abreast with the news of the Movement all over the world.

For this he subscribes to various Spiritualist papers including the *Psychic News,* from which he often quotes. He, and other members, hold developing circles in their own homes, but many of the enthusiasts sit year after year, in two or three circles simultaneously; and most of the sittings (including those open to the general public) are carried on in total darkness.

After the outbreak of war, being no longer able to get the services of excellent mediums from Denmark and England, the Spiritualists in Sweden were all thrown on their own resources, and were glad of any help, such as the little I could give, after my arrival there in 1942.

At Gothenburg

Much I could not do, as I was too absorbed in my husband's political work. Yet they welcomed me most heartily, and the warm affection of a few of their devoted members greatly cheered me in the dark time of the sudden parting with my cherished companion of 35 years.

Mrs. Signe Boye—mother of the renowned poetress and authoress *Karin Boye*—interpreted for me, and the more Swedish I learned the more did I appreciate her excellent service, and the more grateful did I feel for the friendship of such a great soul.

A small number of them subscribed, and had some of my guide's addresses published in Swedish. The booklet they presented to the Society; the proceeds of the sale of the whole edition are to go to the Fund for building a Spiritualist Church.

In fixing the dates and times of their meetings, each Society avoids clashing with the arrangements of the other two—some people attend the meetings of all three—so we may assume that when a Spiritualists Church is at last erected in Stockholm, it will be used by all three Societies.

At *Gothenburg* there is a small Spiritualist Community too — which holds its meetings in the Theosophists' hall—but Spiritualists from other towns travel to Stockholm to meetings, now and again.

"Two Worlds"

Harriet Returns

An unusual story of Spirit Return Authenticated by

Peggy Williams and George H. Williams, Jr.
360 East 55th Street, New York City

Submitted by

Mrs. Isabel Allan McLane Mowry, 1309 North Harper Ave., Hollywood, California

It was in the summer of 1931 in *Nice* on the *French Riviera.* My young son *George* and I were calling on my old friend, *Mrs. Allan McLane Mowry* in her villa, *"Casa Mia."*

George had recently acquired a new, complicated camera. He placed it on a stand in the salon, intending to take a picture of the interior, pulling out the lens in readiness. Then he ran up stairs for something or other.

Out of sheer curiosity, Mrs. Mowry looked into the lens. She saw something amazing, someone who had been "dead" for several years, standing in front of the large mirror; and she noticed that the mirror did not reflect the girl she recognized as her lovely daughter *Harriet.* She took it all in, then called me ,saying:

"Now Peggy, keep your head, look in this camera, and tell me exactly what you see."

I looked, and being a Catholic, crossed myself, for there stood her daughter apparently as much alive as either of us. I couldn't speak from astonishment, and I would have fled had not Isabel Mowry taken me by the shoulder, saying: *"Now no nonsense. Tell me exactly what you see."*

HARRIET

But I couldn't; I was too dumbfounded, so quietly, firmly she questioned me:

"What or who do you see, Peggy?"

"It's Harriet," crossing myself again.

"What color is her dress?"

"White."

"The length?"

"It almost touches the floor."

"Anything around her waist?"

"Yes, something like a thick, white cord."

"Steady now, Peggy," she said. *"What kind of sleeves?"*

"None," I whispered, scared to death.

"How is her hair arranged?"

"Well, I never saw it that way. It touches her shoulders."

"Anything on her head?"

"Yes, her hair's tied with a white ribbon."

That was all. I was ready to drop with excitement and fright. *Isabel* then looked into the camera. I heard her saying:

"Harriet, we both see you exactly as Peggy describes. Now please move about a little. I want to be sure it's not an halucination."

Instantly she moved in a manner so well known to her mother, a saucy, mischievous, graceful movement. It was *Harriet* alright.

Unfortunately neither *Isabel* nor I knew how to work the camera. *George,* knowing nothing of what we had seen, popped into the room, and though we all looked again, *Harriet Mowry* was no longer visible.

Signed: *Peggy Williams.*

April 27th, 1945.

MOTIVE *and* Principle

Good Motives Are Not Always RIGHTEOUS

By W. H. EVANS

The reader may ask: *What difference is there between motive and principle?* There is often a great deal of difference. Principles are unchanging; they are the roots of law and order; but motives often change according to circumstances and express conformity to expediency rather than to principles of right.

This is inevitable, for no one can act from principle until he can see it clearly, and as principles are usually deeper than motives, they are not readily perceived.

Moreover, few people have the sense of eternity. We are environed by time, and the act of three-score-years-and-ten is often the limit of our vision; hence in our desire to do what is right we are governed by what we call right motive, and do not always question whether our motives are the outcome of a perception of underlying principles, or merely the easiest, or what appears to be so, way out of a difficulty.

Lack of Development

How often when we do things for the best do they turn out to be wrong and quite different from what we expected. In our eyes our motive was good but the fact that our action results in evil rather than good indicates a lack of *insight* into the nature of the problem, and so in our blind good-will we advise or act, only to see the difficulty increased.

This is because of lack of development, because we have not reached the stage of spiritual discernment. We have not really troubled to discover the morality of our ways and actions, but have allowed prevailing circumstances to dictate to us what we should do.

And as emotion often distorts and magnifies a problem, making it seem much more important than it really is, we are led astray by our very eagerness to help, whereas a deeper understanding of the problem would lead us to see that quite other means are essential to a right solution of our problem.

This is very evident in mass-thinking, which, as we know, can result in great evils, such as wars and revolutions. These things are not accidents, but the outcome of causes deep seated in human nature. Not that human nature is evil; it is ignorance which is the cause of so much wrong-doing in the world.

Ground for Hope

A child is born into an environment already formed, and, like all animals, the child reacts according to its nature. Thus there is an interplay of influences, and we have people who say: *If you wish to change the environment and circumstances of life you must first change man;* while others say: *Change the environment and circumstances and you change the men.*

There is truth in both sayings, for human beings reacting on environment tend to modify and change it, and the influences from altered environment modifies human nature.

There is no reason for pessim-

(Continued on Page 11, Col. 1)

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Motive and Principle

(Continued from Page 10, Col. 5)

ism in such views, but great ground for hope. The Russian experiment indicates what great changes can take place both in human nature and in environment by the interplay of influences between them.

It is not everyone who has a perception of spiritual principles. In the main, science has been materialistic and has looked for the causes of things in the things themselves, not realizing that these "things" are manifestations of something deeper.

Morality and Legality

Therefore it is difficult when enclosed within a purely sense view of life to see beyond it. We know that we reap as we sow, for we have the physical fact before us that if we sow wheat, barley or oats, we reap them.

It is when we consider the moral realm that we flounder in regions of doubt, fall into Sloughs of Despond, and are disposed to let *Mr. Morality* and *Mr. Legality* solve our problems for us. If we re-sort them the stones of overchanging difficulties fall upon us and destroy our little sense of spiritual awareness, so our last state is worse than the first.

But no one can solve our problems for us. Like Christian in the immortal allegory we have to shoulder our burden till we reach the point where we realize that the spiritual realm bisects the material, and as soon as we see that clearly, the burden falls from us.

Self-created Necessity

By our acceptance of the new view of life we are liberated from the thraldom of matter. Now it is no longer, *"Are my motives right?"* but *"Am I living in accordance with spiritual principles?"*

No longer does a motive thought to be a good one, which so often entails doing evil that good may come, influence us. We see clearly that evil means provoke and promote evil ends.

And though in the doing of the evil which a self-created Necessity drives us to commit we may blind ourselves by the use of high-sounding phrases, we generally live long enough to see that all we have succeeded in doing is to spread destruction and ruin around us, while the things we sought to destroy, being mental, is not destroyed, and may even be strengthened by the glut of blood which feeds it. How necessary it is that we discriminate between motive and principle.

While on Earth

Life is a process of unfoldment, it is not confined to this plane of being; it continues beyond, and there we shall see more clearly because the blinkers of the flesh being removed we shall have an all-round view of life. We shall be able to rise above the purely personal and come to see life as a whole and not in the fragmentary way we do here.

But how much better our life might become if we tried to reach that state while we are in the body! How deeper would be our peace, and how vital our tranquility of mind. It is possible to reach it, and when we do we see that many things we once thought so important are so no longer.

In the ampler phases of life, when the spirit is reaching out to the brighter light, and living in it, the Spirit World becomes so much nearer. Now are we governed by spiritual principles and not by the stuffy moralities of the world, with their compromises and expediences?

For good motives, as they are so often called, are not always righteous motives, and such can never bring good or joy.

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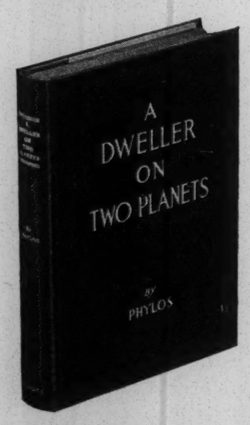

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To Thine Own Self BE TRUE

Where There Is No Vision, the People Perish

Stand for the Right as You See It.

By ERNEST OATEN

ONE of the problems which besets the organized movement of Spiritualism concerns the large number of people who are keenly *interested* in the subject; who are thoroughly *convinced* of its claims; who *practice* it in the home and even *defend* it when it is attacked in their hearing; and yet hesitate to associate themselves with it publicly, for fear of ridicule, social ostracism or persecution.

They put off the day of their open confession in the hope that tomorrow will make the task easier Yet they must be quite aware that all men are personally responsible to a higher tribunal than their neighbors, for the honesty with which they face the uncongenial tasks of life. Persecution there has been, and it has often been bitter.

Those Days Are Gone

As a young man I was discharged from two of the best situations I ever held because I refused to give up my public appearances on Spiritualist platforms. Fifty years ago it was quite common for a man to be discharged from his job because he was a Spiritualist.

I remember that my own brothers were sent home from an elementary school when the headmaster heard that we were Spiritualists, as *"he would not have his scholars contaminated by the presence of Spiritualists in the school."*

But those days have gone — thanks chiefly to the faithful band who fought for truth and liberty when the fight was crucial.

Today, the case is different. I find that if one has an intelligent understanding of psychic matters, and can discuss them dispassionately, he is not only welcomed, but sought after in intelligent company.

The chief and only persecution meted out to us today comes from the Government and the police, who are urged to enforce laws which should long ago have been killed by ridicule.

Old Ties Severed

There are, of course, a large number of people who have been brought up in certain denominational circles and find their interests and their friends there; and I can understand their reluctance to sever social relationships and personal friendships which have made life congenial.

Many of these, however, have been taken into the forces or severed from their homes by national and industrial changes. The old ties are severed and new ones have to be formed. Many such will drop into our meeting rooms and churches.

Whether they will stay will depend very much on the friendly welcome extended to them, and whether the platform will provide that food for the mind which will satisfy their intellectual needs. Many of them have had all the evidence they require—or they know where to get it — and messages given to unknown people become merely boring.

The Best Policy

What they want is friendship, congenial company and an intelligent presentation of our case. The churches that will provide this can prepare for largely increased membership. These people need a living Spiritualism, and Spiritualism needs them.

Make no mistake about it! *The future of religion rests on Spiritualism.* All religion originated in communion with the spirits of the so-called dead. When that ceases, the lines of communication with the spiritual world are cut, and the flow of spiritual power to this world is retarded. *"Where there is no open vision, the people perish."* That is the weakness of orthodoxy.

Now that personal persecution has ceased there is little reason for convinced Spiritualists to hesitate to declare their convictions. *The gold policy is the best policy.*

In a long experience of the seance room, I have known hundreds of cases where the returning spirit has expressed regret that *"I did not know of this when on earth."* This presupposes a realization of the value of such knowledge.

In other cases, I have known communicators, who whilst on earth possessed a knowledge of spirit communion and who have expressed their bitter regrets that they had placed their personal comfort and convenience before loyalty to truth. They have expressed sorrow that they should have allowed a little band of brave souls to face ridicule and persecution by carrying the flag, when they, enjoying the same conviction, could have eased their burden by sharing it.

Take a Firm Stand

I do not envy the lot of those who would not succor the fighting units in the front line when they were hard pressed in the face of an enemy. Even truth cannot speedily win its way without sacrifices on the part of those who perceive it.

The greatest heroes the world has known have been those who have taken a firm stand for their convictions, in the face of opposition.

One of the dominating features of regular circle is the frequent communications received from ministers and clergy who, since their transition, have found how mistaken were their theological views, and as honest men use such mediums as are available to teach a broader gospel and correct their former errors.

In doing so, they are striving to the best of their ability to make reparation for their (*quite honest*) misinterpretation of spiritual truths. Small wonder that nearly every medium finds a parson amongst his band of guides, even though they may refuse to reveal their identity. It is the price they pay for past errors.

On this side of life, there are many who are withholding service not perhaps from actual cowardice as from lack of faith in themselves; a lack of clear vision; or a disinclination to alienate friendships.

Afraid of Criticism?

One of the candidates at the recent election was personally interviewed with a view to the freedom of Spiritualists to pursue their convictions free from Government repression and police interference. He replied that he had attended scores of seances and was convinced of the truth of Spiritualism; but he added *"for heavens sake don't say anything publicly; there's a large vote in this constituency and I don't want* ***their*** *opposition."*

He had been a Spiritualist for many years—but nobody knew it. Yet sometime in the hereafter we all have to face the consequences of our life on earth, and must face up to our sins of omission as well as commission.

Each soul born into this world has duties to his fellows as well as to himself. No man can live unto himself alone. We cannot all be great writers; great mediums; or great speakers; but we can all do something.

If we cannot carry the flag, we can prop up the weary arms of those who do. In this world where materialism and materialistic interests predominate over the more enduring realities, we can at least declare ourselves "on the side of the angels," and make some effort to prosper their cause.

As the immortal bard declares *"to thine own self be true, and it shall follow as the night the day, thou can'st not then be false to any man."*

"The Two Worlds"

RENDERS RARE SERVICE

Psychic Observer

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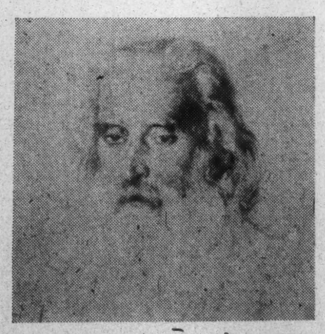

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PIETRO, GORD and OTHERS

All true spiritual communication must be UNSELFISH to be truly transmitted and truly received . . . whether the communicating souls are in or out of the body.

The "WHY" and "HOW" of Twisted Communications

By

Brown Landone, F. R. E. S.

It was in Florida, Sunday night June 10th of this year. It had been a very hot day, and the night was still hot. A young college sophomore was with me, — one who has worked for me during school vacations for five years. Also a gentleman 45 years of age, lately *Chief of Cultural Relations* representing our *State Department* in a *South American* country.

We had been discussing many subjects — the suggestion that I write a series of stories of some of the great souls I had known— *Madame Blavatsky, Henry Irving, Mary Baker Eddy, Sarah Bernhardt,* and others; also that I write of many of the incidents of *Jesus'* life, not yet been recorded; and a little after 11:00 o'clock, we were talking of the dominance of *Russia* —her occupation of lands in eastern Europe—lands with populations greater than all the people of *Canada* and the *United States* and *Mexico* combined.

Beyond Normal Cognition

In the midst of this serious talk, the two men with me saw my face beam. I was smiling, very happily.

The college sophomore asked,— *"What is it? What you smiling about?"* And the former diplomat looked at me with questioning eyes.

"CBD IS HERE," I said, "he's here *now,* and he's *coming* tomorrow." That sounded like a conundrum to them. My friends were very certain, that CBD was *not* coming, for he was 400 miles away on a farm and intended staying there all summer.

But at 12:15 noon the next day, he walked into my study. He'd left the farm at 11:30 the night before, just 15 minutes after I had *seen him* in my study; he had taken a bus an hour later, and after an 11 hour ride, he had arrived at noon.

Pietro's Responsiveness

You may think (1) that CBD *was* spiritually in my study that night at the time he was leaving a farm 400 miles away; or (2) that I imagined he was here; or (3) that I was merely conscious where he was, just as I can hear music in my study, from the radio in a home across the street. It makes little difference which you believe,—for the basic truth is that we *were* spiritually in contact.

Two other things happened at 11:15 that Sunday night when I saw CBD *in my study* while his body was 400 miles away.

Pietro, my little dog jumped up, and—joyously barking—ran to the front hall door; then he scooted out through his own little trap door in the alcove of my study, to meet someone who he evidently thought was there.

Also when CBD appeared that night, *Gord came*—not mysteriously, he just appeared, standing with CBD when I first saw him.

Very shortly after midnight, my two friends took their leave; and *Gord*—who had quietly seated himself on a couch—waiting patiently 'til they left—rose and came toward my desk.

"So, no one's brought you your coffee tonight. I'll go get some." And he went to the kitchen; and in about ten minutes, came back with fresh brewed coffee.

A Definite Message

He said,—*"This is better than the coffee you had a few hours ago."*

Please note this: Gord had *not* been here when the young college boy had made coffee for me at about 8:00 o'clock. It was so weak I had suggested that it was nothing but water. Yet Gord at 1:30 in the morning knew that the coffee I had had at 8:00 was so weak I did not like it.

Gord poured the coffee, and said, *"I've come because there's something I must get straightened. It's about mother. You know how sweet and loving she is, yet we just can't get together. I know she's trying. She's trying to be conscious of me; wants to feel that I'm near her; and even desires to get messages from me.*

"But no matter how sincerely and lovingly I try to impress her with my feeling of my joy and happiness, or even with some definite message, she usually gets the very opposite. NOW WHY?"

"What, for example," I asked.

"Well," said Gord, *"take this very afternoon. She'd had lunch, and then lay down for a little rest. I wanted to get very close to her. I wanted particularly to make her feel how very happy I am, and I tried to get a vision through to her of my body strong virile, active without tiring. And of the joy of all the new things I'm doing.*

"But all at once she jumped up, and actually rushed into the other room, and said to Aunt Mary, 'I'm certain Gord was with me a moment ago, and he gave me a message.'

" 'What was it?' my Aunt asked.

"And mother said, *'He told me we would lose all of our crops this year; that the drought would continue; and that I'd better prepare myself, for all the money I'd put in the crops would be lost.'*

"But, BL, I hadn't even thought of such a thing. I was trying to get through to her, how happy I am with a never tiring body and all the new activities I'm doing now.

"Now, HOW could she get the idea that I had given her a message that the crops would be lost?"

Confused Communications

"I think, Gord, I can best explain it, by telling you of *Pietro* yesterday noon. He also gets things twisted, even when he knows the words I am using. But first, remember that *you* were spiritually very active in radiation to your mother's soul; you were surrounding her, trying to get your message through to her —a messsage of joy and activity and life.

"You *DID* activate something in her consciousness, *but it activated what she herself was thinking of.*

"Now consider Pietro. Yesterday noon at lunch time, Pietro was sitting some distance from the table. He never barks for food, but sits with eyes fixed on me—desiring and hoping for some sign from me, that I will give him a little of the food I'm eating.

Dogs Never Want To . . .

"I don't usually give him anything when I'm at the table. But now and then I do give him a bite of food at such a time; and he leaps forward and takes it, wagging his tail joyously.

"Yesterday noon, I had a hot toasted cheese sandwich; its odor was very appealing to Pietro for he does like cheese.

"As I ate, I looked down and saw him sitting there, eyes fastened on my eyes with a silent earnest desire that I might give him a little piece of the toasted cheese.

"But at that time, I did NOT think of feeding him! It was very hot; and *I was thinking that he ought to have a BATH.*

"And Pietro KNOWS the word BATH; he knows the sound of it, and what it means. So ordinarily when I say, *'Pietro, I think you'd better have a bath,'*—he becomes very quiet, drops his tail and quietly walks to the most distant corner of the room, in behind a couch or some other piece of furniture.

"And yesterday noon, when he set looking at me while I ate my cheese sandwich, I started talking to him about a bath: I said, *'Pietro, you need a bath; you need a bath badly! You do want a BATH, don't you?'*

"And he stood up and joyously wagged his tail. And when I repeated—*'You do want a bath don't you?'*—he barked joyously! Now remember, he knows the sound of the word *'bath,'* he knows what it means; and he does *not* like a bath.

Practical Application

"But so long as *his* nostrils were smelling the essence of that cheese, *his* mind was filled with the idea of getting a little cheese to eat! Even though I was thinking of a bath, and talking to him about a bath, *HE* did *NOT* get my message at all.

"My thought and my words *did* activate his mind, but *he interpreted them according to the desire that was strongest in his mind at that moment!*

"He wanted cheese, cheese, cheese; so when I talked to him of a bath, he misinterpreted all I said and even my thought. Instead of thinking *'bath,'* he thought I was talking of giving him cheese."

"Oh, I see," said Gord. *"In many things, BL, I know some things clearer than you do; but when it comes to these practical applications on earth — well, I have to come to you to get the real understanding of them, for you're living in the realm of manifestation of things."*

Twisted Interpretations

"That's why," I continued, "your mother — who had been thinking of the farm and the crops and the lack of rain—completely misinterpreted the radiation with which you enfolded her. It was an *activating* radiation! Your intent, your thought, your feeling were all true; but they activated the thoughts *she* had been thinking. That's why she rushed out to your Aunt, saying she'd had a message from you — that there would be complete loss of all her crops this year.

"There are thousands of such twisted interpretations—often the complete opposites from the message given. I sometimes marvel that all those who try to give messages to others, do as well as they do. There's not only the question of the responsiveness of the mind that receives, but of the *dominant* thought or feeling in the mind of the person who wishes a message."

"But how can we help mother or others," said Gord.

"Well, it's mostly a matter of each person helping himself; *of desiring* to be given that which spirit radiates.

"If Pietro, had only desired to know what *I* was thinking about him — *instead* of just thinking cheese, cheese, cheese—he certainly would have remembered the word *'bath,'* and he would have known what I was talking about; and then he would have truly received the message I was trying to give him.

Messages Must Be Unselfish

"There's something much deeper in this, than I've already hinted at, Gord. *All true spiritual communion* — whether of one soul communing with another soul living in a body here on earth, or with a soul whose body has passed on, or communion with angels— *all of these must be UNSELFISH to be truly communicated and truly received!*

"It is the unselfishness of the soul—reaching to the desire of the soul who wishes to communicate, or to angels or to God, that results in true messages.

"I'll see your mother soon. I'll urge her—whenever she longs to feel your presence — to long to feel *your* desire to communicate, instead of desiring to receive knowledge of what she is thinking.

"Unselfishness—longing to receive the *fullness* of what is sent —instead of mere answers to the little things of which the soul is thinking, leads to trueness in the message received!"

Brown Landone has written another exclusive article for Psychic Observer. This article, "WHY ALL THIS PICAYUNISH STUFF?", is a continuation of the author's experiences with GORD and will appear in the November 10th edition. Order your copy NOW.

DID HE UNDERSTAND?

Psychic Observer

This is PIETRO, one of Landone's favorite pets. He insisted upon being the center of attraction when the Editors of Psychic Observer visited Mr. Landone's sanctuary December, 1943.

These Men Startled By the Apparent Abruptness of Landone's Spiritual Responsiveness

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In the picture above, taken in BROWN LANDONE'S study at Winter Park, Florida, the noted philosopher is discussing spiritual responsiveness to two of his students . . . calling to their attention how he senses the spiritual presence of a friend.

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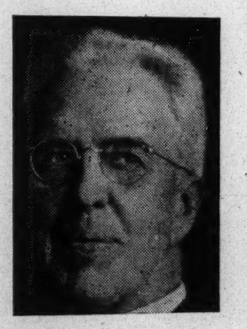

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